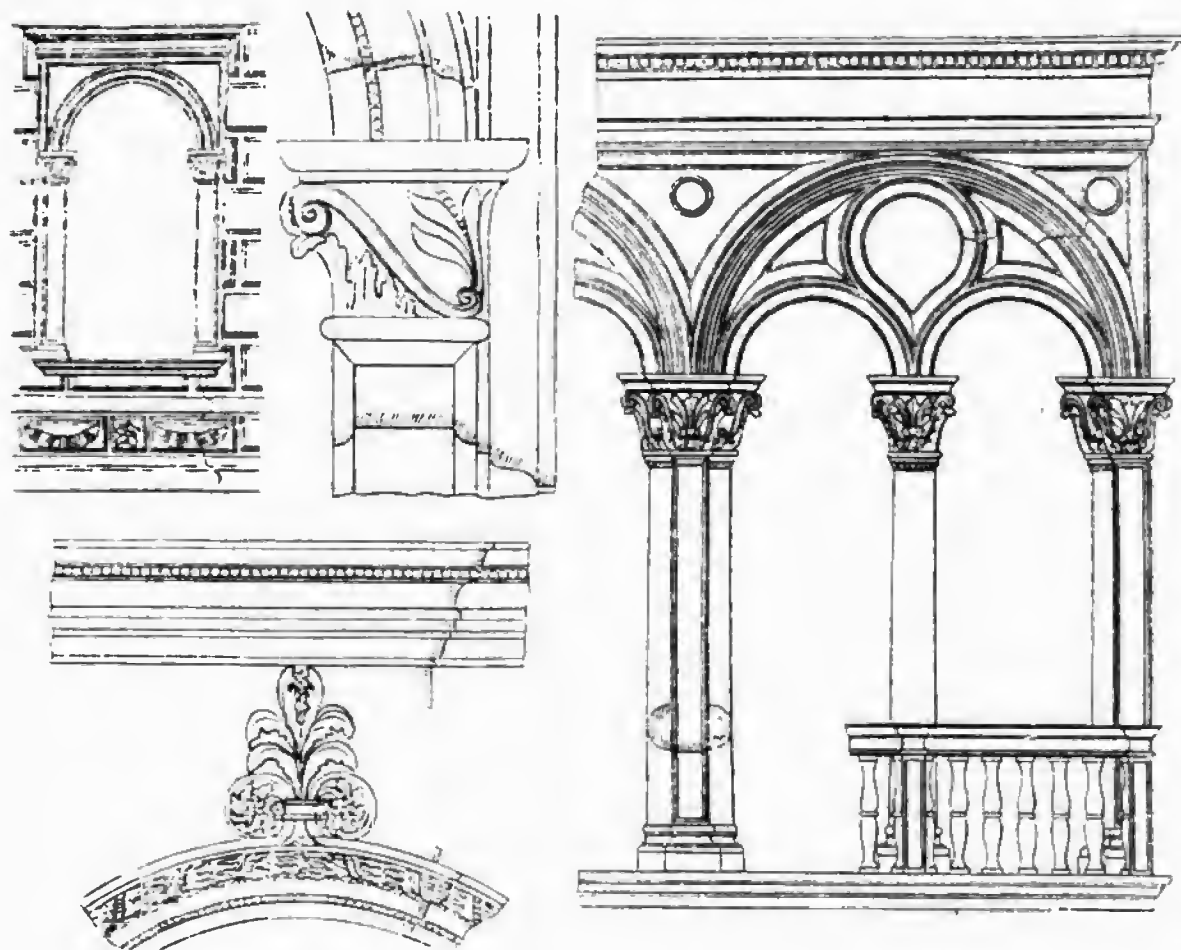


DETAILS OF THE CORNARI PALACE.



PALAZZO DE' CORNARI, VENICE.

THIS is one of the palaces at Venice built by the family of the Lombardi, in the early part of the sixteenth century: it is situate on the Grand Canal, midway between the Rialto and the Pisani Palace. It much resembles in the two upper stories the palace of the Vandramin Calergi (also by the Lombardi). The whole of the front next the canal is of Istrian stone, the lunettes and small panels being filled with verd antique and other precious marbles.

The detail exhibits the centre window in the middle or one-pair story; one of the small windows on the ground story, with a cap, &c. to same at large, and the archivolt and cornice to the door. This is one of five palaces lately bought by Madame Taglioni, and now under repair, this palace being that intended for her own residence. The palace is 64 feet high and about 74 feet long. J. T. W.

RAILWAY JOTTINGS.

THE excursion system, as we lately remarked, is by no means absorbed this season, as might have been anticipated, in metropolitan excursions. On the contrary, the provincial excursions to and fro are swelling extraordinarily, both in number and in magnitude. Think of a single train with 3,000 excursionists! Such a train, comprising ninety-eight carriages, the other day conveyed the poor hard-working, dust-breathing, close confined, cotton spinners from nine or ten mills at Preston on a life-giving trip, through the fields and villages, to Liverpool, by Bamber-bridge, and Loo-lock. The driving of three thousand sails into as many coffins, was doubtless thereby postponed, at least for a few days longer. "The day was spent joyfully:"

who can doubt it? and what life-giving medicine can compete with a light heart in pure air—could it only be taken in adequate doses regularly once or twice a day with a little nourishing food? A contemporary announces it as rather a strange and unlooked for fact that one of the recent "monster excursion trains" which have been spinning along from cotton mills and other workshops, and scouring across the country hither and thither, consisted of 800 members and friends of a respectable corporation at Hastings, called the "Burial Society," who started thence in twenty-six carriages, drawn by two engines, for a day's recreation, "amid the cheers of a large party of spectators." It is clear that the Hastings "Burial Society" not only "have sufficient life and spirit for such an undertaking," but that they are long-headed fellows, who know how to reduce the expenses, and thereby increase the funds and promote the prosperity of their provident corporation. There can be nothing more appropriate than the sagacious patronage of the excursion system by burial societies.—In confirmation of the truth of our former remarks on the general sustenance and extension of the excursion system, even during the present exceptional season, we have the Times, in a leader, testifying thus to the fact:—"This morning the railways of the kingdom will disgorge, as usual, their countless swarms of excursionists at every terminus where novelty or amusement is to be found. The power of attraction is not confined to the Great Exhibition alone. Just now all England is on the move. We verily believe that a levy en masse could not 'mobilise' a larger portion of our island population than is to be found at this time on the various lines of communication and traffic. The Crystal Palace secures a share, but only a share, of these extraordinary migrations.

Windsor, Cheltenham, Southampton, Dover, the ports, the dockyards, the watering-places, the universities, cathedral cities, manufacturing towns, every spot, in short, containing or promising an object of interest, is opened to visitors at a few shillings a head. Englishmen are beginning to live on railways like Chinese on rivers, or Dutchmen on canals. The rail has an architecture, a cuisine, and a literature of its own. At a railway station a traveller may now deposit his property, change his apparel, take his refreshment, and purchase his library. Nor does our locomotion any longer restrict itself to trips of a few hours. The system of return tickets has been so rapidly developed that a man can frank himself for weeks together. Seven days is the period now commonly allowed for London. The South-Eastern and South-Western lines offer a month or more for Paris. The lakes of Killarney are set at a fortnight, and the Scottish highlands at half as much. Even the secluded regions of Scandinavia are now brought within the sphere of commercial speculation, and the Eastern Counties offers attractive excursions to Denmark, *via* Lowestoft and Hjerling. All this too, be it remembered, is over and above the usual amount of voyaging among the wealthier classes of our countrymen. The squares and terraces of the west end, the inns of court, and the Houses of Parliament, dismiss their annual rovers as before; but the fancy, as well as the faculty of travel, has now struck wider root, and half the nation is on the rail. It is not to be forgotten that these opportunities of the poorer classes are mainly due to that wise liberality of directors which suggested so large a reduction of the original fares; nor can we deny that up to this moment the prodigious traffic of the season has been conducted without serious accident." The writer, however, most properly